FAMOUS PEOPLE IN THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S GALLERY

Elliott Brewster.

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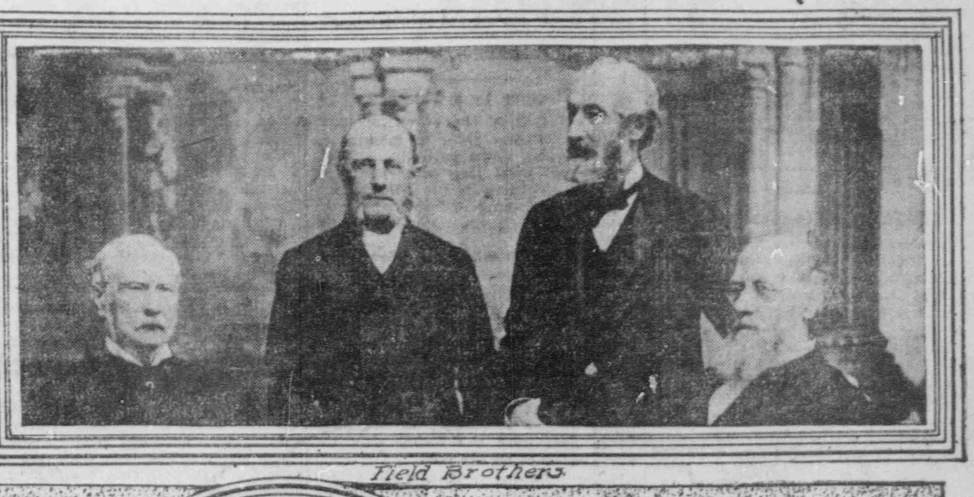

Field Brothers.

Miss Mattie Mitchell.

Miss Helen Kellar.

Guiteau.

White Eagle.

The Nation's Notables Find a Rendezvous at Bell's.

Statesmen, Belles, and Indian Chiefs Among the Host.

A Spare Moment Yielded Mr. McKinley's Best Likeness.

ON the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, between Four-and-a-Half and Sixth Streets, there is a rendezvous for old Washingtonians and a mecca for tourists that is an unfailing source of pleasure to anyone wishing to recall the early days of the city and the faces of famous men and women who have made their homes from time to time in the city by the Potomac. If there is anyone of national reputation who has not posed in Bell's studio you cannot recall the names after completing a tour of the gallery.

For more than thirty years the establishment has been situated at the present location and before that the old studio, one square nearer the Capitol was conducted by the feather of C. M. Bell for a term of years that extended far back into the early days of the city. Presidents, Cabinet officers, Senators, diplomats, army and navy officers, Indian chiefs and thousands of famous people in all walks of life have occupied the historic posing chair in the back of the studio and left their likenesses to deck the walls of the gallery.

Under a brilliant electric light is placed a magnificent painting of Mr. McKinley done from one of the last photographs taken before his assassination. Immediately above are large handsome photographs of groups of celebrated warriors who have visited Washington to see the Great Father. From the wall on either side stand forth reproductions of charms that have captured the hearts of more than one eminent representative of European countries. On one wall the visitor may see groups of nearly all the Presidents and their cabinets and most of them autographed.

Three Carloads of Negatives.

There are more than three carloads of negatives, and it is estimated that at least twenty-five thousand of them are photographs of men and women who have made their names known throughout the country. A visitor from any State can see the faces of dozens of his Representatives and Senators, and in many cases of governors and other State officials, not to mention the number of those who have achieved a reputation in other fields than politics.

To understand the value of the photographic collection in stock it is only necessary to know that more than one-half of the business of the studio consists of filling out of town orders. Although there are from three to five hundred sittings each month in the regular order of business, the largest item of revenue lies in the many re-orders from old negatives. Many of these come by telegraph, and not a few by cable.

Immediately after the battle of Manila photographs of Admiral Dewey were in great demand. Newspapers in all sections of the country wired to Washington to locate a likeness of him, and some went to the expense of cabling to the Philippines, asking for the name of his photographer. Bell's negative was the best in existence, and one of the few taken of the admiral in recent years. The consequence was that orders poured in for copies until it was necessary to have six negatives made and run them night and day to fill the orders. Admiral Dewey cabled for three dozen to satisfy a very small percentage of the heavy demands made upon him.

Mecca for Indians.

One class of business that is peculiar of Washington is the photographing of Indians. The Bell collection of braves is undoubtedly the largest in the world, and is exceedingly valuable. Among the groups are several likenesses of Sitting Bull and other noted warriors. In one of these the old chief has ducked his head, having decided at the last minute that he did not wish his face to appear in the picture.

It is an interesting sight to watch the Indians maneuver around preliminary to asking for a sitting. They will come in and lounge about with carefully concealed interest and studied indifference to the representations of some of their fellow-tribesmen about the walls. They frequently come in several days in succession and study the situation carefully and with many grunts and muttered comments to one another before they produce an interpreter and get down to business.

White Eagle posed for Mr. Bell on the occasion of his first visit to Washington. He was very much impressed with an attractive young woman of the establishment and took no pains to conceal his admiration. After gazing upon her for some time in a manner that thoroughly frightened her, he directed the interpreter to inform the object of his admiration that the Eagle proposed to take her to wife and that her race would never end. He was very much upset to learn that the pale-face maiden would not accept the shelter of his wigwam.

Dangerous Customers to Displease.

In the meantime he had posed for a photograph and had expressed dissatisfaction at the length of time the photographer required to develop the picture. His displeasure was increased by an unforeseen delay of several hours. When the picture was mounted and handed to him for inspection he snatched it from the young man at the show case with a fierce grunt and blazing eyes. He hesitated for a moment as if undecided whether or not to tomahawk and scalp everybody in sight and then stalked out of the studio. There was no one in the establishment possessed of the requisite recklessness to follow him and discuss the question of payment.

One of the most interesting persons who has visited the studio is Miss Helen Keller, the girl who was born deaf, dumb and blind. Accompanied by Miss Sullivan, her faithful instructress, she called not very long ago to have her protograph taken. It was her wish that the picture should show her in the same attitude she had had assumed for the artist who had painted her as St. Cecilia. Unfortunately for her wishes she failed to maintain the uplifted position of the head that shows in the painting, but as a photographic position the pose in which she was taken is much more natural, and resulted in a likeness that is both true and artistic.

During the Cleveland Administration the belle of Washington was Miss Mattie Mitchell, daughter of the Senator from Oregon. Her fresh and unaffected loveliness was the pride of the Capital, and caused her to be known throughout the country as the most beautiful woman in America. Her personal charms, more than her father's great wealth, won the heart of the Duke de la Rochfoucauld, who became infatuated with the Oregon beauty, and succeeded in winning her hand.

Famous American Beauty.

It is a pleasure to know that she was not spoiled by the adulation lavished upon her, and remained the simple, unaffected American girl in spite of her wealth and titles. She took a great deal of interest in her photographs, and made no secret of her pleasure when good results were obtained. On the morning that she posed for the likeness that appears above she came into the studio when the photographers were very busy. Mrs. Whitney had brought little Dorothy for a sitting, and the two little daughters of Charles J. Bell were waiting their turn.

When she heard that little Miss Dorthy was occupying the chair she made a grimace and remarked that she would have a long wait. Her expectations were entirely realized, but she exhibited no impatience, and spent the time in looking over the many photographs and chatting pleasantly with the young women of the studio. She was much pleased with the result of her sitting and declared that it was the best likeness ever made of her. She promptly ordered twelve dozen of the photographs and her mother ordered eight dozen. She told Mr. Bell to keep the size of her order from the newspapers, and her wishes were faithfully observed. She was quite aware of the possibilities as a news item her large order would create.

The late Judge Field was a patron very much feared by the men in Bell's studio. To the young women he was always most courteous, but frequent and severe attacks of gout played havoc with his good temper, and as posing was frequently very painful to him, he would blaze away in an extremely sulphurous manner. The head photographer would invariably recall a pressing engagement up the street when he heard that the Supreme Court justice was sighted.

Justice Field a Bad Poser.

It was next to impossible to get the justice to pose for a sufficient length of time to secure good results. As a result of his impatience one photograph showed a heavy shadow on the side of his face that gave him an appearance one would expect to find in the artists of the prize ring, but not in a dignified lawmaker. When he saw the proof of the sitting his wrath exploded. "D——n you," he shouted at the trembling photographer who had made the exposure, "I am not a bruiser!"

On one occasion he became exasperated at the actions of a colored boy in the establishment, and swore at him so fiercely that the boy shivered with fear. After he had been gone some little time he reappeared and demanded the presence of the miscreant. The darky was called down and made his appearance on the stairway sucking an orange and blissfully ignorant of the occasion of his summons. When he saw the justice the orange dropped from his nerveless hand, and he stood as if petrified. "Come down here, you rascal," roared the justice. The boy approached absolutely paralyzed with a dread of what might come. The irascible old gentleman gazed at him for a moment in silence, and then delivered a verdict.

"It has occurred to me," he said, "that possibly I was unnecessarily severe with you a little while ago. I am sorry that I spoke to you as I did. Here is a half-dollar, and now go on with your work and try to acquire more sense."

Assassin Made Fortune.

When Guiteau was arrested after firing the fatal shot at President Garfield he was taken to Bell's studio to be photographed for the rogue's gallery. The likeness shown above is the first taken after the murder and the last before his beard was removed, and with it something of the wildness that accentuated his anarchistic appearance. District Attorney Corkhill attempted to secure the negative and have it destroyed, but Mr. Bell realized its value and refused to give it up.

It seems that the assassin had an eye for business. He stipulated that in return for giving a good sitting he should be supplied with all the photographs he wanted. This was done, and the murderer did a rushing business autographing the pictures and selling them to the curious who visited his cell. He charged $1 for each photograph, and sold more than 1,100. As a consequence, he lived like a prince until he was hanged. Bell charged 50 cents for his orders, and sold thousands.

Two months before the assassination of President McKinley, a New York sculptor requested Bell's studio to secure for him a number of snapshots of the President to guide him in his work. An arrangement for a sitting at the White House was made through Mr. Cortelyou. Mr. McKinley told the photographer that he was very busy and could only give him eight minutes. With this time-limit facing him the man rushed his work and secured thirteen views in seven minutes.

Last Photograph of McKinley.

He then called the President's attention to the fact that there still remained one minute of the promised time, and asked him if he would allow another view to be secured for the gallery. Mr. McKinley remarked that they had so many of him that he could not see why they should wish another, but said he had no objection. The photograph was made, and the result exceeded the expectation of the photographer. It proved to be the best, as well as the last, photograph taken for the local gallery.

The proof was enlarged and displayed in the windows, where it caught the eye of Mr. Cortelyou, who came inside for a better view. He was so much pleased with the likeness that he had it sent up to Mrs. McKinley, and if she liked it, the Secretary stated it was his wish to make her a present of the photograph.

Mr. Cortelyou's judgment was vindicated by the pleasure Mrs. McKinley derived from the likeness. She declared it was the best the President had ever had taken and desired that it should be further enlarged and framed for her private apartments. Mr. McKinley directed that her wishes should be carried out and insisted upon paying the costs.

Present to His Wife.

The management of the studio wished very much to present the framed photograph to Mrs. McKinley, but the President said that since she had expressed such a decided liking for it he wished to make the present himself. The check he gave has been photographed, and is one of the last he signed in Washington.

The photograph has been a great comfort to Mrs. McKinley since the assassination of the President. It has hung in her bedroom in the Canton home and represents her husband as she remembers him in life. It is one of the few likenesses in which the dead President is not given a stern appearance, but wears on his face the kindly look that was habitual to him when he was in the midst of his intimate friends.

It is from this photograph that R. H. Burfoot, the artist, made the painting of the President that was originally intended for the White House collection. That it was not placed there is an occasion of great regret to many of the personal friends of Mr. McKinley who consider it much more lifelike than the one selected. Bell's studio refused to allow the photograph to be reproduced in any publication while the painting was being executed. The reproduction above is the first departure from the rule.

Former Prestige Restored.

After the death of C. M. Bell the studio lost the prestige it had secured during long years. The famous photographs were hidden away out of sight and the patronage of the place dwindled. This was the condition when the gallery was purchased by W. V. Atha, whose name appears as manager on the books. He realized the possibilities of the place and commenced with great energy to restore it to its former position in Washington. The old photographs were reproduced and tastefully displayed and the results were almost immediate.

Men in public life and former Senators and Representatives returning to the Capital noticed their old friends and stopped in to look around. Mr. Cortelyou and several members of the Cabinet spent many hours in going over the collections. The national reputation of the establishment was revived and the danger which seemed imminent of another relic of old Washington being lost was fortunately averted.

When Congress is in session there is not a morning that some of the legislators do not stroll in on their way to the Capitol. The studio is a link binding the present with the past. One can meet the most famous people in Washington at Bell's and at the same time view the largest photographic collection in the country of celebrities who have passed away from the turmoil of political life.

Characteristic Chinese Stories Typical of Oriental Humor

THE following stories told in China by a Chinaman give a glimpse of a little recognized trait of Chinese character—keen appreciation of humor. Such stories naturally lose in translation, especially those which depend for their complete understanding upon a knowledge of Chinese customs, but nevertheless they show that the Celestial is not as impassive a mortal as he is sometimes represented to be.

Dividing the Crops.

Once upon a time there were two brothers who cultivated their farm in partnership. When the season had come to harvest their rice crops the younger asked: "How shall we divide the crop between us?"

Sao Da, the elder, answered: "I will take the upper half and you shall have the lower."

"That wouldn't be fair," said the younger man.

"If I take the top half this time and you take it next time, will that do?" the elder asked.

His brother thought there could be no objection to this plan, and contented himself with the roots and stalks, looking forward meanwhile to the next year's harvest, when all the grain should be his, as it was Sao Da's this year. When seed-time came round again the younger asked, "Shall we sow the rice now?"

"O," said his brother, "my idea is that we should plant potatoes this year."

Bathtubs and Bamboo Trees.

Two friends were talking together. One said, "In my house there is a bath which is so large that if 3,000 men were to bathe in it they would only take up a tiny bit of space."

"At my home," repoined the other, "there is a bamboo tree which has grown so high as to reach the sky; and because it couldn't get any higher the top has bent round and grown down again till it touches the ground."

"There never were such bamboos," said his friend indignantly.

"If there were no such bamboos," retorted the second speaker, "how could your bath be bound round?"

The baths of the Chinese are generally made of wood, bound together with bamboos.

His Diplomacy Failed.

There was once upon a time a very unfilial son. So disobedient was he that if his father told him to go to the east he would go to the west; if his father told him to go to the west he would invariably go toward the east. This is a Chinese idiom for expressing a contradictory disposition. All his life long he had been disobedient.

At last the old man, as he lay on his deathbed, greatly feared that his undutiful son would not take the trouble to bury him in a favorable spot. After much cogitation he thought of a plan for insuring what is of such vital importance in Chinese eyes. "If I die," he said, "you must bury me in the water." The father concluded that, in accordance with his usual line of conduct, the son would do the exact opposite of what he was told. So, after congratulating himself, no doubt, on his astuteness in arranging to get buried in a good place on dry land, the old man died.

But, alas! his admirable scheme failed. After the father's death the young man said to himself, "All my lifetime I have disobeyed my father; now that he is dead I will obey him this once." So, in scrupulous obedience to the dying injunction, he buried his father in the water.

Not Worried About Weather.

A certain man was very fond of calling upon his friends; and, unfortunately, when he once got into their houses it was very difficult to get him out of them again. One day an individual whom he was honoring with a long visit got very tired of his company, but did not know how to get rid of him, as he could not very well tell him point blank to go. So he got up and looked at the sky. "Clouds are gathering," he said suggestively; "it will soon rain."

His visitor replied with alacrity, "If it is going to rain I mustn't go; it might rain before I reach home." So he did not go.

The unhappy host, finding this plan unavailing, racked his brains for another; and by and by he rose and looked out again. "The clouds are scattering, perhaps it won't rain after all."

"If it is not going to rain," remarked the imperturable guest, "there is no need to hurry; I can stay on."

A Similar Illness.

A family had just bought a new bedstead. It was very grand and ornamental, and they were anxious that a family with whom they were connected by marriage should see and admire it. But how could they manage it? It would seem rather silly to say: "Come and look at our fine new bedstead." A more roundabout and delicate way of proceeding must be devised, and after a little cogitation a capital plan suggested itself. The materfamilias feigned illness and lay upon the new bedstead. As had been anticipated, the other materfamilias called to inquire after her health, was ushered into the sick room, and took her seat by the side of her friend.

Now the visitor, on her part, had really come in order to show off a new pair of shoes. Accordingly, as she sat by the bedside, she raised her foot rather high so that the prettily embroidered shoes might not escape notice. Then she thus addressed the invalid: "House mother, what illness are you suffering from?"

The lady in bed was not too ill to observe the elevated foot and to know what was meant by it, so she replied: "I am suffering from the same disease of the heart as yourself."

Ch'ao Ch'ao's Army.

A passenger boat full of people was on the point of pushing off from the shore when a man came running up in hot haste and asked to be taken on board. "There is no room; we can't take you," answered the boatman. But he was not to be put off so easily.

"If you will let me come I will tell you a tale."

The passengers began to discuss the situation. "We have nothing to do, and it's very tedious. If he were to tell us a story it would while away the time." Accordingly, the applicant was allowed to come on board. The passengers squeezed closer together, and so managed to make room for him.

After giving the newcomer a little breathing time they asked for the promised story. Without hesitation, he began: "Ch'ao Ch'ao once led 830,000 men to the south of the Yangtse. On their way they had to cross a river by a bridge which consisted of a single plank. They crossed over one by one." Here the narrator began to make noises which were supposed to represent the trampling of the steeds, teh-teh-teh.

This went on till the audience grew rather tired of it, and at last someone said: "Please go on with the story."

"You must wait for them to cross the bridge. When 830,000 men and horses have to cross a one-plank bridge it won't do to hurry them; they must be careful or they might fall into the water," and he calmly resumed his teh-teh-teh.

Again the audience pleaded for a continuation of the story, but again he declined to be hurried.

"They can't cross the bridge in a short time," he said; "they must go slowly and carefully." So he went on with his teh-teh-teh, and, however much he was urged, he would say nothing else. At last the boat reached its destination, and the story was never finished, because Ch'ao Ch'ao's army had not yet had time to cross the one-plank bridge.—Chambers' Journal.